greased lightning

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by perpendicularcactus

Summary

"I came to Seattle for you, okay?"

(mark and derek's first attempt at rekindling.)

Notes

this is not what i normally post but im in a phase rn you see

"Look," Mark says carefully, hands raised in surrender. "I'm not trying to make this hard."

And yet, Derek muses to himself quietly, Mark is indeed making things hard—very, very hard. His arrival basically completes the Holy Trinity now: Derek, the guy who got together with an intern while married, Addison, who got together with his best friend while married, and Mark.

His best friend.

And cheater, he has to remind himself as Mark's eyebrows furrow.

"What, are you giving me the silent treatment?" he asks, and Derek hates how he instinctively grows concerned at how strained Mark's voice sounds.

"No," he replies flatly, fingers twitching around his pencil.

"Okay," Mark says simply. They fall back into silence.

Now that Derek's looking at him with a little more scrutiny, Mark doesn't appear to be himself at all—his gaze is tired, hands curled at his sides. Derek thumbs over the sleeves of his coat, silently waiting for Mark to say something, and soon enough, he does.

"Derek, I don't want this to be weird. And I know that's somewhat inevitable—" he pauses to take a heavy breath, chest rising and falling, "—but I want to try. We don't have to be...like we were. But at least let us become re-acquainted with each other, you know, especially considering we work in the same hospital now and are coworkers, and all." Mark's eyes flicker to Derek's expectantly once he's done with his spiel.

"Huh," Derek says thoughtfully. "I see."

Mark scowls, shoving his hands in his pockets. Derek almost wants to laugh at how nervous Mark sounds, which only seems exacerbated when coupled with anger. "Is that your definition of accepting an apology?"

Looking up at him with a faint smile, Derek shrugs.

"I mean," he begins, eyes fixed on Mark's callously, "is sleeping with my wife your definition of friendship?"

Mark grits his teeth, jaw tight. "Touché," is all he says, then turns sharply and begins taking slow, measured strides out of the office.

Derek inhales, exhales. Tries to recall when they could talk to each other normally, when they'd banter and laugh, knock back a few drinks; when Mark felt like the only person he could rely on (because Addison was always in her own world sometimes, never strikingly real in the way Mark was—is—)

"I think we should try, too," Derek calls out finally when Mark is half a step out the door, and the way Mark turns around, eager and innocent (how Mark Sloan seems innocent is a wonder to him, but he looks so genuinely happy that Derek's heart aches), makes his lips curl into a smile, despite everything. "Try to make this, you know. Work."

Mark runs a hand through his hair, relieved. "Yeah?" he says, tone soft.

Derek nods once, suddenly determined. "Yeah."

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